

FREEDOM IS NOT ENOUGH

WE must fight to be free as long as there is a slave in chains, but freedom, as Edith Cavell said of patriotism, is not enough. It is the tragic drama of the Continent that France, which sounded the trumpet of freedom long ago, lies stricken in defeat.

Twelve hundred years ago she rolled back the tide of Arab conquests in the Battle of Tours and saved Western Europe from sinking into barbarism. She set the world the example of the splendid reign of Charlemagne. She swept across Europe into Italy and across the Channel into our own Island, and for us she built up the feudal system which made us the most orderly nation in Europe and founded our imperishable tradition. She built up the love of art and literature and philosophy, the spirit of chivalry and crusading, and founded our English Parliament.

Despair of Two Nations

France may lie low, but the annals of her glory can never vanish from the records of mankind. If she is stricken and in misery, it is her eternal memory that she was the spiritual forerunner of all that is famous and noble in the intellectual fabric of Europe.

It may be that none can say that France is lost, but the name of Toulon written across her brow today is the confession of confusion and defeat. The scuttling of a great fleet of ships—what is it? Twice we have seen it in our time. It was the gesture of the Germans when they were beggars in Europe; it is the gesture of the French when they are slaves. A great ship is the epitome of civilisation; there is no other achievement of the modern world to compare with it as a witness of the marvellous powers with which man has clothed himself. And yet our civilisation has brought the world to such a pass that the two chief nations of the Continent have destroyed their ships in their hour of bitterness and grief. It was the symbol of despair in 1919 for beaten Germany; in 1942 for bewildered France.

COULD anything be more hopeless than the sinking of the greatest single power a nation has built up? It would have helped to set her free had she moved it across the narrow sea; but France is blinded with confusion. Her army is captive, her fleet is scuttled, her people are bound in chains. So low are the mighty fallen.

Two Revolutions

Nearly a thousand days have gone since France collapsed in the field of battle, not beaten but betrayed; and the mass of the nation lies helpless, looking on and listening in, while the gallant Fighting French, small in numbers but great in spirit, strike brave blows to set their country free. All honour to those who fight, to those who toil for liberty in secret at the peril of their lives; but the mood of France is the mood of a nation that has lost its greatness and is in the grip of sheer despair. The historic Revolution, with all its unspeakable horrors, was not to be compared in tragic pity with the revolution which has palsied the mind and paralysed the arm of modern France. One was a revolution of action for freedom; this is the revolution of surrender of all that was then won for France and for mankind.

France has looked on while the traitor Laval has torn its constitution into shreds and put the life of every Frenchman at his mercy. It has seen him sell their brothers into slavery as Joseph was sold by his

brethren. It has seen him bargaining for his own aggrandisement by being willing to hand over the French Fleet, an act of dishonour so low that French sailors went down with their ships rather than submit to it. No Frenchman rose who had the power to stay this blow.

BETRAYED, bewildered, baffled beyond understanding, the nation which once saved the world has in these thousand days seen itself shattered to pieces, grovelling before the most loathsome tyrant the world has ever known. It is a sight to make angels weep.

Yet it is a spectacle with a lesson and a warning for us all. Too long has France been fed on shadows and illusions. Too long has she forgotten the things she once believed. Her philosophy has been one of Force, her politics have been an intrigue and a game. The chivalry she gave to the world was dying in her public life. The religion so deep in the hearts of her peasants was scorned and defied by her scheming rulers. They made a scorn of the Press. They withered the spiritual core of the nation's life.

Believing that Force is everything, France yet gave up the Russian Alliance in her hour of danger. Believing in equality, she yet started in our time the persecution of the Jews, which has been the foulest page in modern history. Her political record fell so low that Laval was allowed to become Prime Minister and to cheat the League of Nations, betraying it to Mussolini, laying the poison trail which led the Italian Judas to Abyssinia.

The People Without Vision

The truth is that France had come to believe in freedom and in little else, and the freedom she believed in was the freedom to do as she would regardless of its consequence. She had lost her hold on the eternal verities. She had no great men whose name resounded through the world or even through the nation. Without vision the people perish, and it is true of nations who, having vision, allow self-seeking politicians to blind their eyes.

All the world knows that it is so, and history will pore long over the page which tells how, in her darkest hour, France had no great man who could speak for her and save her from her fate. Not one voice in that fair land was strong enough to guide her to that glorious destiny which would have saved her freedom and set her at our side as equal partners in the civilisation of Europe and the British Empire. The vision she had had of the human brotherhood had lost its glow when the opportunity came, for there was no longer a stable France. The Third Republic is seventy years old and has had a hundred governments while we have had twenty at Westminster. It has had four Prime Ministers for every one of ours. They come and go like postmen.

THE lesson for us all is that we must have security for the things in which the life of a nation is rooted. The warning is that if we suffer our public life to become the hunting ground of ambitious good-for-nothings we shall go to destruction and death. Freedom is a noble thing and must be fought for, but it will perish if it is not anchored to the eternal foundations of the world, truth, justice, righteousness, and the faith that saves a man when the elements themselves seem to be dissolving all around him. For those who seek first these things freedom and all other human blessings shall be added unto them.

Arthur Mee

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

The Stretcher-Bearers of Papua

IN a deeply interesting message from The Times correspondent in Papua high praise of the natives is quoted from a letter written to a relative in Australia by a Medical Field Officer.

Speaking of the devoted work of the native stretcher-bearers, who, he declares, "surpass even the piled mountains in heroic grandeur," he says:

"Six or eight of them, with a bush-made stretcher, slowly but gently manoeuvre it down or up, in places where they can barely go unencumbered," he writes. Sorry, Master, they say, if the burden so much as groans at an unavoidable jar.

"Cautiously they go on, day by day, squatting round him at night to provide warmth and protection from the drenching

rain, sleeping on their haunches, awake at the slightest sound foreign to the jungle—wiry, fuzzy-headed savages, as gentle as angels, considerate and faithful to a cause of which they understand little except that the master is fighting and that this, their own particular master, is wounded. Their reward consists of biscuits, a little bully beef, some cigarettes, or tobacco. Apart from that, however, and transcending it, there must be a dim realisation of an otherwise impossible job well done."

Let us be careful, then, how we use the word savage in application to human conduct. It was a great traveller who declared that wherever he became acquainted with human beings he found them both gifted and humane.

At the Gate of Tunis



The capital of Tunisia is only three miles away from the ruins of ancient Carthage, and this part of the North African coast is once again concerned in the making of world history

DRAMATIC TALES OF TWO CITIES

Russia Beats the Germans France Scuttles Its Fleet

THE tide is rising still in favour of the Allies and the Germans are being beaten everywhere. So are the Japs. The Italians were beaten long ago. In truth, as we said last week, the Axis Alarum is ringing.

The thrilling news from Stalingrad, where the heroic Russians have proved themselves superior fighters to the Nazis, encircling them and driving them back with over a hundred thousand casualties and the threat of hundreds of thousands more, has been followed by a new offensive on the Moscow Front in which the Germans have been routed and destroyed in tens of thousands. It is more than a year since the Nazis declared that Moscow was doomed, months since they announced that Stalingrad was theirs, and weeks since Hitler pledged his word that Stalingrad would fall in spite of all; yet both these cities have still the mastery of Hitler and his hordes of savages.

There has been nothing in the history of the war, or of the world, to surpass the heroic drama of this stricken city, which refuses to go down with all the brute force of Germany within its walls. Stalingrad must stand for ever as the symbol of the majesty of man defending the land of his fathers and his children, and it will for ever be remembered as the destroyer of the Hitler Myth.

Since the Fuehrer took over the army a year ago the army has suffered nothing but defeat, and Commander Schicklgruber is seen to be in war what he has already been in peace, a mountebank.

Privates of the A.T.S.

THE General Officer Commanding the Southern Command, Lieutenant-General H. C. Lloyd, has had a pleasant duty to perform.

He has mentioned in a special Order the names of two of his A.T.S. girls, Private Mary Howe of Holtwhistle, Northumberland, and Private Brenda Ashton of Southend. Both girls work in the operations room of a unit on the South Coast, and they have been commended for courage, calmness, and devotion to duty during an air-raid.

What actually happened was that not only the building in

At Toulon also he has suffered a bitter blow which must have given him sleepless nights. Having marched into Unoccupied France to counter the Allied landings in North Africa, the Nazi leader left Toulon free, declaring that he did not wish to touch the French Fleet there, and would leave France one free corner of its own. It was his usual lie; within a week he had broken his word and marched into Toulon to seize the Fleet.

But for once France was too much for Hitler's trick. At a signal from Admiral Laborde the whole fleet of 60 ships, battle-ships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, was scuttled.

So passed out of the war a great threat to the Allies, 230,000 tons of warships which would have been of great value to the Axis in its new extremity. Vichy vanishes. Laval passes from the stage scene as a thing of scorn, a Judas who refused to drown himself. Toulon will be remembered as the scene of the last act of despairing France, as Stalingrad will be remembered as the city of Russia's rebirth.

It yet may be that Toulon will be a rebirth too, for it is the signal, after all, that France defies the Nazis, and if so the names of these two cities must shine like stars in the brightening skies of the Allied Fronts.

which they worked, but the actual room itself, was directly hit by a bomb, yet these two girls went on at their task. Private Howe, says her colleague, was blown into a corner of the room by the blast, but she just picked herself up and resumed her work as though nothing in particular had occurred to interrupt it.

North and South of England, both are equally honoured by these two brave daughters of theirs. The record on the two conduct-sheets which the General ordered to be written is emblazoned also in the records of Holtwhistle and Southend.

MAD HATTER

IT is good to see the outburst of indignation stirred up by the wild proposal of somebody

who would like to take away Luton's hat trade and put it up North. Was ever such a Mad Hatter scheme, we wonder.

Luton has made itself the undisputed home of the straw hat, and in one year not long ago its trade represented a value approaching ten million pounds. Its existence is largely dependent

on the trade it has created for itself, and its name is renowned for quality and efficiency. Now, while thousands of hatters are away fighting for our lives, a Mad Hatter proposes that the industry should go elsewhere. Dr Leslie Burgin, the redoubtable M.P. for Luton, has voiced the anger of his absent constituents, and we may hope that no more will be heard of the Mad Hatter's dream.

Cheap and First Rate THE CASE FOR UTILITY CLOTH

DEAR EDITOR, In reference to your article on "Teacup and Battleship," we, as manufacturers of Utility Woollen Cloth and readers of your paper for many years, would like to correct certain apparent mis-statements due, no doubt, to lack of full knowledge regarding Utility articles.

The main paragraph to which we take exception is the one which says that the word Utility has come to be used for low-priced articles made, not to produce the greatest degree of usefulness, but to serve as substitutes.

As you are no doubt aware, Utility Cloths are price-controlled, and their making-specification is also controlled, as they must conform to a certain weight. Each manufacturer can produce whatever designs or cloths he likes with the above limitations, but the actual effect of the regulations has been as follows:

With the shortage of man-power manufacturers have tended towards simplicity of design, and this in itself has enabled better value to be given. In pre-war years the bulk of cloth for ladies was sold in the lower price categories, and owing to competition there was a definite tendency to reduce weights of cloths in order to effect a reduction in price. Today cloths are both price and weight controlled, and in consequence the bulk of the Utility Cloths for ladies' use are superior to the bulk of pre-war cloths.

Take our own case. In pre-war years we tended to make cloths only 10 to 12 ounces per yard, but now, as many of the Utility Cloths are specified as being not less than 14 ounces, we make large quantities of cloth 14 to 16 ounces.

We have been readers of the C.N. for many years, and thought you would not knowingly disparage Utility Cloths, which we can definitely state are in most cases superior in wearing power to pre-war cloths.

Yours sincerely,

E. R. PEARSON, Director,
WILLIAM PEARSON & CO., LEEDS.

NOTE. With this letter comes a packet of most excellent cloths at 6s and 7s a yard (wholesale), which moves us to a deeply apologetic mood for anything unkindly our contributor may have said of Utility products. There are, of course, Utilities and Utilities, and in clothing there seems no room for unfriendly criticism.

EDITOR

THINGS SEEN

The St. Neots quadruplets at their seventh birthday party.

The glory of the world in the beech woods.

Food delivered on horseback to lonely gun-sites in Kent.

Tractors going continuously for three days and three nights on Durham farms.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

A SNOWY owl has arrived at the Zoo to keep company with one caught in the Atlantic ten years ago.

Two girls told a Luton magistrate that they had registered for food but objected to registering for fire-watching.

An old lady has left four vergers of St Paul's £50 each.

A shepherd girl of about 17 has been seen killing a wolf with a blow from her crook at Pontevedra in Spain.

A boy of 14, living at Sheffield, writes to suggest that a lot of cloth could be saved if schoolboys could wear shorts.

Dartford Rural District Council has appealed to the Ministry of Health to make inoculation against diphtheria compulsory.

THE library of the new cruiser HMS Coventry is to be stocked by the city of Coventry.

Russian engineers have built floating equipment to extract oil from the bed of the Caspian Sea off Baku.

Scout and Guide News Reel

IN receiving the King's Scout Badge, Stuart Macpherson, of the 2nd Swindon Scout Troop, follows in the footsteps of his father, who, now Alderman Macpherson, reached King's Scout standard when a member of the 4th Swindon Troop.

Christmas parcels for local Scouts now prisoners of war have been prepared by Pinner and Northwood Scouts.

We gather from the annual report of the Girl Guides that:

An appeal in South Australia for Polish Guides raised £150, £50 being set aside for Madame

A reduction in the size of telegram envelopes will save more than 28 tons of paper each year.

Locomotives built in USA for use on British and European railways have arrived in England.

Wimbledon Borough Council has been asking neighbouring councils to support it in protesting against the use of taxis for journeys to greyhound races.

This is to be a Stay-Where-You-Are Christmas to enable the railways to give all their space and time to hastening on the Victory.

A CORNISH correspondent tells us that in addition to a lump of coal and a glass of water at a thanksgiving a lump of china clay is often seen in Cornwall.

A limited number of US Army officers and men are to have one-week courses in various subjects at Oxford colleges.

Owing to a man-power shortage in British Columbia 200 clerks and business men left their work in the town of Kelowna to gather apples twice a week.

Malkowska's school in Scotland and the rest saved to help Polish girls in their education.

That the number of Guides in New Zealand has now risen to 10,000.

That a new badge devised in America is awarded for fitting Girl Guide work into the Defence Programme.

That the Guide Gift Week last summer, expected to raise £20,000, actually raised £50,000, and provided two ambulances for the R.A.F., 20 ambulances for the Navy, 95 quiet rooms for the Army, and one lifeboat.

The Heroic Farmer

When the war began we had from two to three million tons of merchant shipping less than in 1914, and from three to four million acres of land had been lost to agriculture by being built up. Also we had a quarter of a million fewer men on the land.

The farmers have been making good both these losses by their heroic efforts during the war. The shipping they have saved must be reckoned in millions of tons, and the increase in food production is four or five times as much as was expected. We had nine million acres of ploughland before the war, and in England and Wales alone half as much again has been added to that.

STORY

The other day a boy of five walked into a branch bank in Leeds, went up to the counter, and cheerfully asked, "Please will you lend me twopence three-farthings to buy a loaf for my mummy? She gave me the money and I've lost it."

He had such an honest face that the man behind the counter gave the boy the money out of his own pocket, being assured that the boy would keep his promise to repay the next day.

The following day the little fellow was seen to walk briskly into the bank, hand over threepence with thanks, and hurry away.

Thousands of Lives Saved

Drugs can be one of the greatest scourges of mankind, but they can also be one of its greatest blessings.

Our Minister of Health, Mr Ernest Brown, has been speaking of advances in the science of treatment and cure of disease, and has revealed the wonderful effects of the use of sulphapyridine in the fight against spotted fever and pneumonia. As recently as 1937 spotted fever was carrying off two-thirds of its victims, but now four out of every five are recovering, and in three years at least 10,000 lives have been saved; probably 7500 pneumonia cases have also been saved.

These striking figures mean that this single new drug alone has saved more lives than the Nazis destroyed in the Battle of Egypt. Science marches on!

Are We Losing Our Sunday?

The Imperial Alliance for the Defence of Sunday has issued in booklet form (at 2s 6d a dozen) an article on Sunday from My Magazine, mother of the C.N., called "A Priceless Gift to the Working World," and asking if it is perishing while we sleep. (Alliance House, Caxton Street, Westminster.)

SIR ROGER'S COAT

The Government has pointed out that patriotism demands that our clothes should last longer than ever before. Darned elbows and patched boots are badges of honour today; garments for both sexes and for young and old that ceased long ago to be fashionable may now be worn with distinction and their owners admired for their courage and economy.

Well, we have before us the example of that undying hero of happy memory, Sir Roger de Coverley, who, because a pretty lady refused the offer of his hand, made it a point of honour never again to be fastidious about his clothes. It was his boast that if he did not always wear the same coat he wore one that had been in and out of fashion 12 times.

GREENS

Winter is again with us, the season when it is difficult to come by plentiful supplies of green vegetables. It is good, to learn, therefore, that the Ministry of Food is arranging to control and distribute green vegetables.

Buying contracts will be made with growers, and the Ministry hopes to be able to choose times of cutting and so to space out the crops during the lean winter months; this should prevent famines and gluts.

As an example, 2000 acres of cabbages have been bought in Cornwall.

TWO PAIRS OF SOCKS

From a Correspondent

Among the things exhibited by women's organisations at a Make-do and Mend display recently were gloves from combings of the hair of dogs.

Would it be safe, I wonder, to stroke a cat with such gloves, or to permit them to come within range of the nose of a dog of hostile spirit?

A member of a Swedish family was relating an experience bearing on the subject. At his home in Stockholm a thrifty peasant maid, having saved all the hair combed from several dogs, turned her store into socks for two men of the house, and great was her pride when they sallied forth wearing her handiwork. But very soon they returned in a panic. The dogs in the street had perceived the smell of the dog-hair socks, and had followed them in an increasing pack, compelling them to retreat to avoid the loud laughter of passers-by and the risk that one of the dogs might violently dislike the scent that had attracted them.

Paying 30 Times Over in China

News, which repatriated British missionaries have brought home from China, tells of the extraordinary rise in the cost of living in Free China.

Most of the food for Europeans used to come up through Indo-China, and when those railways fell into the hands of the Japanese the Burma Road was used. Now that the road is closed, air transport alone across the mountains from India can be relied on to bring those necessities of life to which Europeans are accustomed. This has sent up the price of everything enormously, so that in Free China the cost of living has gone up to about 30 times what it was.

A tube of toothpaste costs £1, a pair of leather shoes £8 to

A way in British Columbia is an immense reservoir of wood for the British Empire.

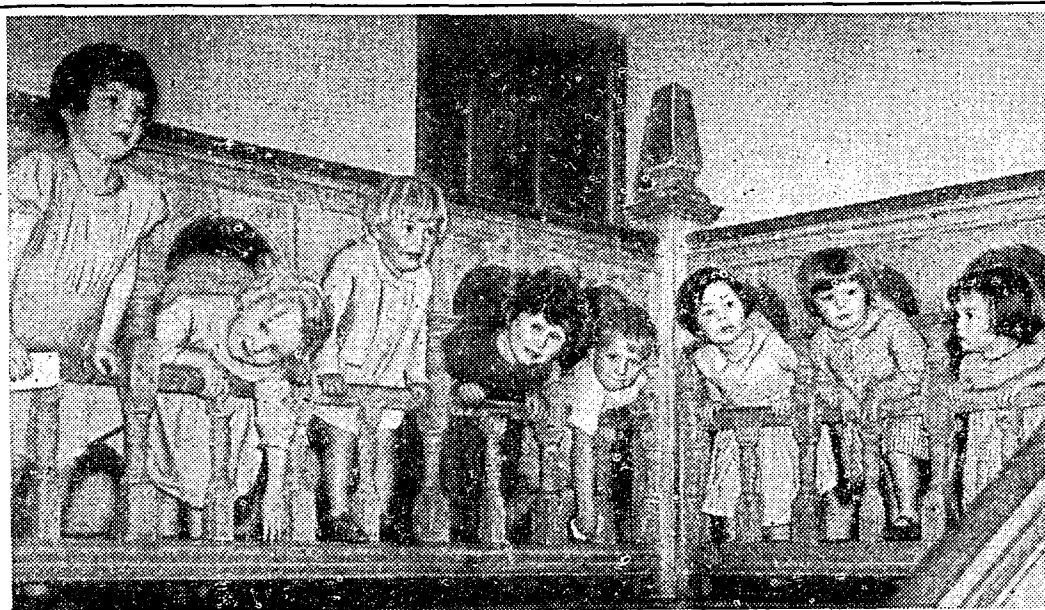
There the forests grow for endless miles on the tall ridges of the mountains, and clothe the steep sides right down to the sea. Small narrow inlets run, like small cracks, into the sides of the hills, and any approach to the forests must be made in boats from the sea. The sides are so steep and so thickly covered with fir trees that the loggers have to start cutting down the first trees from their rafts, moored to the rocks. But even when a space has been

cleared the sides are still too precipitous to build on them. The loggers have to live in houses built on rafts, and there make their homes for years. Their families come to live with them, and in the narrow inlets a big floating population lives.

A school has to be provided on the raft if there are ten or more children who can come each day, a teacher being provided by the British Columbia Education Department. The children very often have to come by boat to the floating school.

The most exciting time for the school on the raft is in winter,

when the fjord freezes and the children have to make dangerous journeys by boat in the morning. Very often they have to break the ice before they can begin to row. Then sometimes a storm raises huge waves in the fjord, and the school raft rocks so much that no written work can be done for days. The raft bumps into the raft moored alongside it, and all the class are thrown out of their desks. When there has been a heavy fall of snow the school has to turn out with spade and shovel to clear the decks in case the rafts should sink.



We Are Dr Barnardo's Children

A charming study in their country home at Thursley, near Haslemere in Surrey

LATE AGAIN

There had been a sudden squall, and visitors to the Yorkshire coast hurried to a harbour to watch the fishing-boats arrive. So high was the wind and so heavy the sea that the lifeboat went out to convoy the cobsles into port. Those on shore admired the courage and skill of the seamen, and few envied them their lot in boats so frail on so rough a sea.

But a correspondent noted that one woman, a fisherman's wife, regarded the incident from a very different point of view, for she was overheard to say to a small child by her side, "Look, Johnny, there's your father, late for tea again!"

ADVANCE, EDUCATION

A representative Council for Educational Advance has been formed by the National Union of Teachers, the Trades Union Council, the Cooperative Union Education Committee, and the Workers Educational Association.

Its aim is to work for immediate legislation to provide equality of educational opportunity for all children. The chairman is Professor R. H. Tawney. Here is its outline of a new Education Bill.

Raising the school age to 15 without exemption by the end of the war, and to 16 not more than three years after; free education in secondary schools for all children after the primary stage.

All schools to have common standards of equipment, amenities, and staffing; adequate nursery schools; free medical services, and meals.

Maintenance allowances for children; no employment before leaving school; continuation schools for all between 16 and 18.

Abolition of dual control; free universities and technical colleges for all who can benefit from them; ample provision for adult education.

Above all, the Council urges immediate action.

THE VANISHING SPOON

There are not likely to be many conjuring entertainments for children's parties this Christmas, so there will be no harm in revealing one of the secrets that have puzzled generations of watchers, adult and youthful alike. In a cup of hot tea with which his hostess provides him the conjurer places a teaspoon, which vanishes before our eyes. It has not gone up his sleeve; it is in the cup. The secret is that it is made of metal alloys that melt at a low temperature. One, consisting of certain proportions of bismuth, lead, and tin, melts at 203 degrees Fahrenheit. Another, comprising 15 parts of bismuth, 8 of lead, 4 of tin, and 3 of cadmium, melts at 155 degrees. Boiling point is 212 degrees.

A Monastery Packed in Boxes

It is many months since we reported that Mr Hearst, America's newspaper man, had resolved to sell his astonishing collections.

Brought together over a lifetime, gathered from many lands, varying in size from monuments to pins and varying in appeal as widely as the eccentric views of the collector, the thousands of valuable things were crowded into two New York stores and offered for sale. Never was such a sale before; it has been going on for most of this year and goes on still.

One of the things offered for sale was a Spanish monastery, for nothing could stop Mr

GOODBYE TO KATE

This is a little tale of an Oxfordshire village that is not told in the new Oxfordshire volume of the King's England. It happened the other day at Nettlebed, and is sent to us by a villager there.

At the old-fashioned inn in our village is a dear dog called Rupert, a friendly little fellow who loves to go walks with the soldiers. He runs up to the camp and lines up with the men when the bugle calls them to the cookhouse door, and they see that Rupert gets some dinner too. At the inn an elderly woman, who lived across the village street, used to come daily to help with the housework and wash up. Kate was her name, and she, too, was very fond of Rupert. One day she was taken ill at work and had to be carried home to her cottage, and in a few weeks she died. Everyone liked her, and all the village gathered in the church for her funeral. While they were waiting for the mourners to enter, the church door was pushed open and in walked Rupert! He sniffed around and found two of his friends from the inn, went into their pew, and lay down with his nose on his paws, as good as gold. Then he trotted with them to the graveside.

WAR AND SLUMS

Mr Ernest Brown, our capable Minister of Health, has revealed to Parliament that 100,000 families are now living in houses condemned as unfit to live in.

He has had to authorise local authorities to issue licences enabling some houses to be re-occupied to meet the great shortage, and so people are living in houses which three years ago were condemned.

This is part of the price we pay for the war, for the reason is the lack of materials and labour.

TEDDY ALL-ALIVE

From a Correspondent

What would you C.N. children think if on a walk you were to meet a real live Teddy Bear?

This is what happened to the mistress of a Canadian farm on the western side of the Rockies.

She was walking in the fields near her home when she saw a small woolly object grubbing about looking for ants' nests.

At her approach it raised itself on its hind legs, and she saw that it was a very small baby bear. It gazed at her in alarm, finally dropping down on all fours and scrambling away.

She quickly made off too—in the opposite direction, for she felt that Mummy Bear or Daddy Bear would not be far away.

**Look & Listen Before
You Cross the Road**

£10; petrol is £2 a gallon if you can get it, and coffee £2 a pound. The Chinese are not so badly placed as the Europeans as they can more easily live on Chinese food.

But everyone this winter in Free China will suffer from cold because of the shortage of fuel, which is far worse than in this country. Many British missionaries will have to go without fires right through the winter and trust to their padded Chinese jackets, or share an occasional fire in somebody else's house.

In Shanghai, the repatriated missionaries report, life is pretty normal, but coal is a great problem and the price has reached the tremendous height of £20 a ton.

Mr Hearst is glad to get rid of his monastery, buried in boxes for nearly 20 years.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

WHO IS AFRAID?

WE are delighted that the question of inoculation against diphtheria is receiving more and more prominence, but were sorry to hear Dr Summerskill say that we could stop diphtheria if we could persuade the public to adopt it.

Surely Dr Summerskill means *if we could persuade Parliament?* We wonder on what authority it is presumed that the public needs persuasion to this great act. In our opinion it is the Government that needs to be persuaded out of its fear of the public. The truth appears to be that the Government is afraid of the people in this as in so many other matters.

The Colonel and the Colonies

ONE of the good signs of the times is the increasing interest now being taken in the Colonies, which hitherto have not been overburdened with consideration either by Parliament or by Whitehall.

There have been seven Colonial Ministers in seven years, a policy which would have ruined any great business but is thought good enough for the sixty million subjects of our colonial empire. They have been greatly neglected since the Dominions were raised to the equal status with the United Kingdom, though their importance to the Empire has always been obvious. Now one of the most promising of all our rising young statesmen has taken the office and it will be a source of satisfaction to all that the new Minister, Colonel Oliver Stanley, has declared that he asks nothing better than to be allowed to "see the job through." It is an opportunity his predecessors have not had, and we earnestly hope it will be given to Colonel Stanley, who is likely to leave his mark on the vital areas under his control.

JUST AN IDEA

Very true it is, that pleasure is far sweeter as a recreation, than as a business.

Under the Editor's Table

WHAT is the best way to make Democracy work? Work ourselves.

HITLER realises that time presses. But it is the Allies who will crush him.

Snow has fallen in Italy, but the Italians had cold feet long before that.

A WAITER said he had waited at the best hotels. Hope he got what he waited for.



Farewell, Scarecrow

A FAMILIAR figure is vanishing from country places and there is little likelihood of his return.

For a long period he has stood all alone amid the crops in field and garden, clad in the oddest garments of the wardrobe and becoming more disreputable with age.

He certainly looked comical, for his battered bowler hat was too big for him, to say nothing of the quaint frock-coat, all tattered and torn, that reached to the ground.

No matter what the weather, he stood there with arms outstretched, ever in the same spot, motionless as a statue.

ONCE little boys with rattles played the part of Mr Scarecrow, earning a few coppers a week for frightening away any birds that came to pillage the crops. It was the first job a lad was given when he went to work on the farm, and it was not a pleasant one, especially in wind or rain!

"I was sent into the fields to scare crows," wrote a countryman who was born just over a century ago, "and when I had done a full week I had one

shilling. I was so small that my father carried me on his back to work."

Another rural worker recalled this sad memory: "Before I was eight I had to spend the bitter cold winter days in a field scaring rooks, and, as fast as my legs could drag over the heavy clay field to one side, the rooks were on the other side; many a bitter tear I shed over my failure to scare them."

Thus child labour continued to within living memory, but happily those days are gone, and the job of keeping the birds away has been left to the man of straw. No one seems to know why he is disappearing from his accustomed haunts, but doubtless farmers and gardeners have lost faith in his efficacy, for he was never any use. The birds would sit on his hat and nest in his pocket. In any event, Mr Scarecrow never enriched the landscape by his presence and no man will mourn his passing, though possibly the birds may miss the queer fellow who was supposed by Mr Ignoramus to be their enemy.

A CUP OF COLD WATER

SHE lives alone in a cottage by a busy highway down West, a charming little lady with silvery locks, a wrinkled face all smiles, and a back bent with years. She has dwelt there all her life, 85 years this Christmas.

She is not very well off, and there is not much she can do, but all through the years she has been doing a simple act of kindness for scores who come this way. She never complains, never fails, and is never "too busy." Close to the cottage is a door set in the hedge, and inside is a pool of water, crystal clear. The well never runs dry. Country children coming home from school, town children holidaying along the river bank, weary wayfarers on the road, and nowadays soldiers, stop at

the cottage gate, always the same request upon their lips, just a cup of cold water, please. While the writer was speaking to this old lady one day in early autumn some children from a distant town, who had been gathering nuts in the woods, raced each other to the cottage.

"A drink of water, please," they cried.

The old lady smiled and went indoors for cups. "Their fathers and mothers came here when they were small," she remarked as she stooped at the well and dipped into the cool depths. "And it's not the first time these kiddies have been here either!"

They were grateful children. One had brought a few dry sticks for her fire and another some blackberries.

Reform of an Evacuee

WONDERS are being wrought with some of our evacuees. A mother has reported that the change she found in her children was almost unbelievable. They had grown nearly beyond recognition, she said, having developed into fine, tall, sturdy boys and girls. And their new accomplishments! "They've made them sit down at table to eat their meals instead of running about with food in their hands," she said, "and they've actually made them say Please and Thank You."

"But surely you taught them that at home?" a listener said, and the mother's answer was, "Oh, no, I never had time for that."

EUROPEAN RAF?

Wings of the Future From Our Small Allies

THE spectacle of so many gallant airmen wearing the uniform of the R A F, with only their shoulder-titles to distinguish Allies from British, is a grand tribute to British air power.

But the pride with which these men, Fighting French, Poles, Dutch, Norwegians, Belgians, Greeks, Czechs, and Yugo-Slavs, carry their membership of the R A F, and the prowess with which they reward our faith in them, raises a question which may soon have practical importance.

Before this war many distinguished thinkers and writers, led by Lord Davies, disappointed with the achievements of the unarmed League of Nations, speculated about the possibility of an International Air Force which should have the duty of policing the world and keeping the peace. Is it unlikely, we wonder, that the R A F may become to some extent an international force after the war?

Hitler has shown us that the security of any small nation is a precarious affair if a big nation is determined to menace it. France will no doubt have a fine air force again, but can our smaller allies afford such a luxury? Or, even if they can, would it be of any use?

Striking Power

To be effective an air force must be organised and equipped with immense striking power. How could Norway, a poor nation, or even Holland, a rich one, maintain such an organisation in peacetime, or mobilise it effectively in time of danger?

Yet as wings of the R A F, operating independently but based on and supported by the might of Britain, a Norwegian, Dutch, or Belgian air force would be a dangerous argument against any future monster like Hitler.

Under such an arrangement the air wings of these small countries could be controlled by their own Governments, and as soon as any of them were menaced the wielder of the Big Stick of Aggression would know that he had to deal, not with the air force of Holland or Norway, for example, but with the R A F behind it.

After all, it would not be the first time we had offered such a share in ourselves to those who depended on us. In the hour of France's fall Mr Churchill flew to Bordeaux with the offer of full citizenship of the British Empire to France, and Paul Reynaud, the Prime Minister of that dark day, was inclined to accept. But he hesitated, and then it was too late. Acceptance would have saved the honour of France, would have saved her Colonies and kept her in the field, fighting from North Africa.

The Pioneers

The little countries know that if we made them the offer to have wings in the R A F in the cause of freedom and security for all Europe we should keep to the terms of our agreement.

They might well be the first to suggest that they should continue after the war to wear the uniform which their chivalry now adorns and their pride so affectionately upholds. They may well be the pioneers of a European R A F.

Soldier or



Here are two soldiers, one in t Guards, one camouflaged to be

PENILESS

IT is characteristic of the wonderful thoroughness with which the North African campaign was planned that a special issue of paper money was issued for our forces there, the notes having values of a shilling, half-a-crown, five shillings, ten shillings, and a pound. The pound can be exchanged for four American dollars or 300 Algerian francs.

We are reminded of the case of General Wolfe when he was planning the attack on Quebec, and was about to win all Canada. A currency like Algeria's would have seemed a miracle to him.

He had no money of his own, and his pay was £2 a day. When

Man's First Friend

As all know, the dog was man's first friend, and the question has been discussed in a scientific journal as to how he became so.

Prehistoric man domesticated all the domestic animals, and was much more successful than any of the civilised men who followed him. But it seems that the dog must have domesticated himself. He liked men, and attached

Beautiful Island

BACK TO CHINA IN GOOD TIME

THE island of Formosa has come into the news with the announcement that a number of British and American diplomats have been sent to prison-camps there.

Among them are Sir Shenton Thomas and Sir Mark Young, Governors of Malaya and Hong Kong, Lieutenant-General Percival, our commander at Singapore, and General Wainwright, the American commander whose magnificent stand at Corregidor did so much to inspire the people of the United States in that dark period after Pearl Harbour. Formosa means beautiful, and this great island of the China Sea, for all its wildness, is indeed a beautiful place. Ceded by China to Japan in 1895, Formosa is bigger than Wales, and has more people than Ireland. The land is rich in crops and minerals, in timber and other valuable products, including the world's chief supplies of camphor. But comparatively few of its five million people are Japanese. The Chinese still outnumber them greatly, but there are native tribes, some yet savage and untamed, who comprise most of the population.

Scarecrow?



he smart pre-war uniform of the almost invisible against a tree

The Japanese from the first began to develop roads, to build railways, post-offices, schools, and to lay down modern drainage and sewerage. Since then they have constructed powerful forts and airfields, for they know that the capture of Formosa would be a pistol pointed at the heart of Japan.

Cliff Defences

Tourists to the Far East usually had a fine view of Formosa, for, though the western shores of the island are largely mudflat and sandbank, on the east the cliffs rise precipitously to a height of 8000 feet. From the deck the traveller sees, almost at his elbow, giant wooded slopes and precipices, with white buildings like toys high above.

But they are not toys, these buildings; they are part of a tremendously strong defensive post, which forms a network throughout the island. So deeply are the Japs hated in Formosa, alike by the Chinese and by the native Pepohwans, Sekhwans, and savage Chinhwans, that the advent of any substantial invasion force would soon have a formidable Fifth Column to support it.

The Japanese know this, and will defend Formosa with typical ferocity; but in the end it will come back to China.

Cork From the Sugar Cane

Spain and Morocco have the cork forests that have long supplied the cork for all the uses of Western civilisation; and the United States has severely felt the cutting-off of these supplies. Therefore they turned with the usual American ingenuity to find substitutes; and have found a source in sugar cane.

After the juice for sugar has been squeezed out of the cane stalks they are first frozen and then pressed into a material which, though not usable for corks, makes good cork boards half an inch thick. These supply the needed insulation, and they are sterilised and waterproofed as a protection from dry rot, so that they are cheaper, and for their special purpose as good as any cork.

CARRY ON

Heaven Walks Our Streets

THERE are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best. While with them we cannot think mean thoughts or speak ungenerous words. Their mere presence is elevation, purification, sanctity. All the best stops in our nature are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find a music in our souls that was never there before. Here, even on the common plane of life, talking our language, walking our streets, working side by side, are sanctifiers of souls; here, breathing through common clay, is Heaven.

Henry Drummond

BUILDERS ALL

Isn't it strange that Queens and Kings,
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And ordinary folk like you and me,
Are builders for eternity?
To each is given a bag of tools,
A heap of stones, and a book of rules,
And all must build
Ere life is flown
A stumbling block or a stepping stone. Author unknown to us

Faithful in the Fight

To have been a faithful soldier in this fight, a faithful soldier in the army of Freedom; to have laid one stone in this glorious building; to have done ever so little to bring the Kingdom of God upon earth—surely to have done this, even to have attempted it with all one's might, is sufficient reward for all the work, the fret and toil and sacrifice, that are involved in it.

Surely, if we can be but certain to have done this, then when our last hour comes, when the merely selfish things men strive for lose their flavour, when riches and honours drop from us like worn-out habiliments, we may then feel that, though our names and our very existence be forgotten, we yet have left imperishable footprints on the sands of time, yet have we not lived our lives in vain.

Max Hirsch

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember, friend, the little pond,
The cottage, and the wooded hills beyond,
The sunlit country lanes, the fields of corn,
And that small town where you and I were born?

Do you remember still the friends we made,
The happy laughter and the games we played?
They are the greatest blessings life can give;
The past is present, and the dead still live. E. Oxburgh

Good-Night

WHEN thou hast spent the lingering day in pleasure and delight,
Or after toil and weary way dost seek to rest at night,
Unto thy pains or pleasure past add this one labour yet:
Ere sleep close up thine eye too fast do not thy God forget,
But search within thy secret thoughts what deeds did thee befall,
And if thou find amiss in aught to God for mercy call.
Yea, though thou find nothing amiss which thou canst call to mind,
Yet ever more remember this, there is the more behind;
And think, how well soe'er it be that thou hast spent the day,
It came of God and not of thee so to direct thy way.
Thus if thou try thy daily deeds and pleasure in this pain
Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds, and thine shall be the gain;
But if thy sinful, sluggish eye will venture for to wink
Before thy wading will may try how far thy soul may sink,
Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft and smooth is made,

May heap more harm upon thy head than blows of enemy's blade.
Thus if this pain procure thine ease in bed as thou dost lie
Perhaps it shall not God displease to sing thus soberly:

*I see that sleep is lent me here to ease my wearied bones,
As death at last shall eke appear to ease my grievous groans.
My daily sports, my paunch full fed, have caused my drowsy eye
As careless life in quiet led might cause my soul to die;
The stretching arms, the yawning breath, which I to bedward use
Are patterns of the pangs of death, when life will me refuse.
And of my bed each sundry part in shadows doth resemble
The sundry shapes of Death whose dart shall make my flesh to tremble.
And as I rise up lustily, when sluggish sleep is past
So hope I to rise joyfully to judgment at the last.
Thus will I wake, thus will I sleep, thus will I hope to rise,
Thus will I neither wail nor weep, but sing in godly wise.
My bones shall in this bed remain, my soul in God shall trust,
By Whom I hope to rise again from death and earthly dust.*

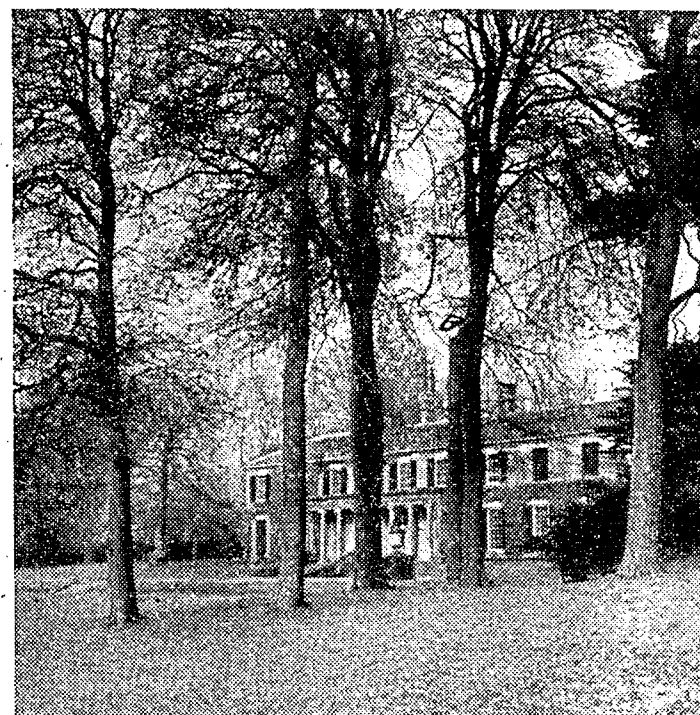
Good-Morrow

You that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the East,
Now clear your voice, now cheer your heart,
Come help me now to sing;
Each willing wight come bear a part
To praise the heavenly King.
And you whom care in prison keeps,
Or sickness doth suppress,
Or secret sorrow breaks your sleeps,
Or dolours do distress:
Yet bear a part in doleful wise,
Yea, think it good accord
And acceptable sacrifice
Each sprite to praise the Lord.
The mystic clouds that fall some-time
And overcast the skies
Are like to troubles of our time,
Both poems written about 1575 by George Gascoigne

Which do but dim our eyes;
But as such dews are dried up quite
When Phoebus shows his face,
So are such fancies put to flight
Where God doth guide by grace.

The little birds which sing so sweet
Are like the angels' voice,
Which render God His praises-mete
And teach us to rejoice;
And as they more esteem that mirth
Than dread the night's annoy
So much we deem our days on earth
But hell to heavenly joy.

Unto which joys for to attain
God grant us all His grace,
And send us after worldly pain
In heaven to have a place,
Where we may still enjoy that light
Which never shall decay:
Lord, for Thy mercy lend us might
To see that joyful day.



Polesden Lacey, the beautiful mansion standing in an estate of a thousand acres near Great Bookham in Surrey, which has been left to the National Trust by Mrs Ronald Greville

CONQUEROR

about to sail, with nothing in his pocket, he had to petition the Government for an advance, and as voted a loan of £500 as an act of grace. On arriving in the St Lawrence river for his immense undertaking he was disappointed that the transports had not arrived with reinforcements and stores, so he had to raise local levies. To provision these, he wrote to Pitt, he had to get 3000 barrels of flour and biscuits from a contractor at Louisbourg.

"I write to General Amherst for money," he told the Prime Minister, "but he could send me none. This is one of the first sieges, perhaps, that ever was undertaken without it."

and, and Why

himself to them. How and why? The answer seems to us quite simple. He liked men because he liked the bones they strewed about their dwelling-places. Here was food ready for him, and the dog prudently decided that he need go no farther to find it, and presently made himself useful as a watchdog, as well as a companion in the chase.

BY-PASSING WINTER

Nature's Great Gift of Sleep

THIS is the time of year when for many living things their great sleep is beginning.

Bats have retired to quiet sheltered places to hang head downwards in strings, plunged in profound slumber; hedgehogs have been looking round for a suitable spot in which to dig themselves in for the winter; the trees have shed their leaves, the sap sinks down, and the lamps of life become dim.

Unfortunately we human beings are not able to curl ourselves up somewhere and pass the cold months which lie ahead in deep and peaceful sleep. It is our lot to carry on as usual during the winter, to face the freezing winds and snow, and at the present time, moreover, to cut our fuel consumption to the lowest possible limit.

In view of this, some of us may perhaps be forgiven for envying the bats and the hedgehogs who so successfully by-pass the winter. Hibernation is, of course, merely a prolonged sleep, and we may be said to hibernate for a short time every night, but as to what gives rise to that blessed thing sleep we have still no idea.

Observations have shown that the first part of our nightly sleep is accompanied by the deepest plunge into unconsciousness, and there is not much doubt that if this deepening insensibility were not checked we should never again wake up. But, fortunately for us, it is checked, and we pass by slow degrees into a less marked condition of unconsciousness and awake refreshed and renewed in the morning.

Sir Charles Sherrington, in a great book, describes how, during our conscious daytime life, the human brain is a scene of inconceivable activity. It may

be likened to a telephone exchange with messages pouring in from all directions and being acted upon with astounding rapidity and efficiency. One can imagine it brilliantly illuminated with lights of various colours, but then, as night comes on, and we lay ourselves down to sleep, the lamps begin to dim, and one by one are extinguished. The great brain is asleep, but steadily, all through the hours of darkness, there glows one light in that portion of the brain which governs the vital action of the heart and respiration. If this lamp went out our course would be run; but Nature has seen to it that this does not happen. One of her greatest gifts to man is calm, refreshing sleep, and that vital lamp may be likened to a perpetual flame which is only quenched when life comes to its end.

LITTLE NUMBER 8

The electrical supply shops are again exhibiting the notice, "No Number Eight Batteries."

This is worse than unfortunate, and it ought not to have happened. The tiny battery has become a first essential of existence, and special care should be taken to create supplies enough for every home.

Cannot the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Home Security put their heads together?

BEDTIME CORNER

Uncle's Visit

DAN tucked the book he was carrying under his arm and hurried on as fast as he could manage.

You see, Uncle Eliot, who was just back from India and about whom he had heard such wonderful tales, was coming that afternoon. So it was most unfortunate that



Mrs Charrington should choose that very day to ask Dan to carry a book to old Mr Saddler, who was laid up with rheumatism.

When Dan would have asked "Will tomorrow do?" the thought of the lonely old postman stopped him.

"Poor old man!" Mrs Char-

ington said. "It will cheer him up to see your rosy face."

Old Mr Saddler lived at the other end of the village. He and Dan were great friends, and at any other time Dan would have jumped at the chance of a chat with him.

He had hurried off hoping to be back in time to see his hero.

Mr. Saddler was indeed pleased to see him. He gave him a warm welcome, and insisted that he must stay to tea.

And, as Dan didn't know how to refuse without hurting his feelings, he stopped.

He sat and drank his tea and talked politely, but all the time he was thinking: "I shall never do it. He'll be gone—I know he will!"

Just then a big man was seen coming up the garden path. He knocked at the door and asked if anyone could tell him which was Dr Stanley's house.

"I can!" cried Dan, jumping up. "He's my father!"

The big man stared.

"Then you must be Dan," he said slowly.

"And you—oh! Are you Uncle Eliot?" cried Dan.

He was. And, of course, the rest is easily guessed.

Battlefield Friends

The Unfailing FAU

ALL the world has cause to be thankful for the work of the Friends, but they are a self-effacing people, and their good deeds are done with no accompanying fanfare.

The work of the Friends Ambulance Unit is typical of those who find that service to suffering humanity brings its own reward, and ask no other. Its members, nearly 700, serve on the battlefronts without pay, wherever the need is greatest. Usually they work where official services are unable to give immediate help, and in the third year of war the Unit has alleviated suffering not only during air raids at home, but in places far afield, remote, and strange—in Abyssinia and Syria, Egypt, Libya, India, and China.

Up and down the Burma Road, in the face of great transport difficulties, the Unit has helped to maintain medical supplies for hospitals in Free China. When the Japanese were closing in on Rangoon some of the members managed to rescue £120,000 worth of American medical supplies from the docks, together with enough trucks to transport it 3000 miles into China. On the Burma Road, too, these ambulance men have had to deal not only with wounded soldiers, but with refugees bringing cholera with them and dying by the roadside in scores.

With the Red Cross

In Egypt and Libya forty members of this friendly ambulance unit are helping the Red Cross, a vital part of their work being the manning of Mobile Surgical Units which keep as close as possible to the battlefields. Wounded men who would never survive an ambulance journey to a Clearing Station are here operated on immediately. In the desert these men carry on, operating to the noise of enemy bombing, and waging their own fight against flies and dust.

In Syria the Friends serve with mobile clinics in remote villages that have never before been visited by doctors, in villages without sanitation, where disease and ignorance are equally rife. Arabs and Christians, Armenians and Assyrians all come to these clinics for treatment and medicines, and, as one of the Friends records: "If there is a feud in the village we use the schoolroom as neutral territory on which both sides may come to see us."

Wherever the need is greatest there is the FAU, Faithful And Undaunted, fighting the good fight. What about a little help for it from the CN? It needs £30,000 or 600,000 shillings. Will you send a thanksgiving shilling to it at 4, Gordon Square, London, WC1?

In 1942

EIGHTY THOUSAND children have been made safe against diphtheria this year by inoculation.

NEARLY half a million tons of kitchen waste have been collected this year.

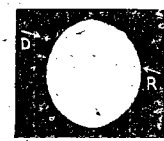
ENOUGH meat and potatoes to feed 20,000 men for nine months has been grown in Army garden patches.

WHEN THE MOON HIDES ALDEBARAN

A Bright Star Blotted Out

AN interesting celestial event may be witnessed on Sunday, December 20, when the Moon will blot out the bright star Aldebaran, writes the CN Astronomer. This *occultation* is at about 8.32 in the London area and Southern England; some 10 minutes later in the Edinburgh area and Southern Scotland; and proportionately later farther north. In the intervening areas the time can be readily calculated, and it is important that a fairly precise time should be ascertained beforehand, for this blotting-out event is very sudden indeed.

At one moment Aldebaran is seen very close to the sunlit edge of the Moon, in the position indicated in the picture; then, suddenly Aldebaran is gone. The reason is not apparent until we remember that part of this gibbous Moon is in darkness, and that this dark part blots out Aldebaran by coming between us and that great radiant sun.



Aldebaran disappears at D and reappears at R

Owing to the apparent nearness of the Moon to Aldebaran and the bright diffused moonlight, the star will become dimmed as the Moon draws near; it will therefore be best to use glasses, if possible, when everything will be very clear and the effect at the moment of the star's disappearance much enhanced.

If looked at from about an hour beforehand it will be interesting to note how the Moon will gradually draw near, for it is not Aldebaran which is approaching the Moon. In reality Aldebaran is racing away from the Moon, and at a great rate, about 33 miles per second, and in a southerly direction, but very much in the line of sight, so for this and other reasons Aldebaran appears to the naked eye to remain where it is. On the other hand, the Moon is approaching Aldebaran's apparent position at an average of 3350 feet a second.

It becomes obvious, therefore, that this blotting-out event is almost entirely due to change of perspective arising from the com-

bined motions of the Earth and Moon relative to Aldebaran, and that the motion of Aldebaran appears to play no apparent part at all. Our personal location on the Earth makes all the difference. This is why the times of disappearance are different for northern areas as compared with southern areas of Britain, and also for the fact that Aldebaran is seen somewhat nearer to the north point of the Moon from our northern areas.

It is the enormous distance of Aldebaran which makes his great speed appear of no account; indeed it would take something like 10,000 years for Aldebaran to appear to travel through the sky as far as the Moon travels in an hour—that is her own width. This is because Aldebaran is so far that his light takes about 57 years to reach us, whereas that from the Moon takes only about 1½ seconds. Aldebaran is, in fact, about 1,342,001,160 times farther away than the Moon.

That little star which the Moon so easily obscures is in reality a "giant" sun so large that it would appear nearly 40 times wider than our Sun were it as near as our Sun, for it has the immense diameter of some 34 million miles. Our Moon has a diameter of only 2160 miles, but the fact that she is only about 245,000 miles away when she blots out Aldebaran makes it quite easy for her to do so. Aldebaran will reappear at the bright edge of the Moon, where indicated in the picture, at about 9.44 pm in southern areas and about 9.42 to 9.43 in northern areas.

G. F. M.

A Book For a Book

THE best gift of all is a book. It always was, but perhaps it was never so apparent as in these days when all the other nice presents we like to give to friends are so much dearer. The best gift now is also the best value for money, and that is worth remembering now that Christmas is drawing near and every one of us is gift-conscious.

All givers of books this Christmas can add a touch of patriotism to their kindness if they will only ask the recipients to give an old book in return—for salvage.

Even the youngest children have books they no longer need, an out-of-date stamp catalogue, a copy of Robinson Crusoe with several thrilling pages missing, a collection of nursery rhymes bearing the marks of sticky fingers or the first evidence of a baby's talents with crayons. Of sentimental value perhaps these things may be, but what is that compared with their value as munitions of war? So, when you get a new book for a Christmas present, throw out an old one as a New Year gift to Salvage.

JUNGLE TALE

AN American airman was wandering in the New Guinea jungle the other day, hopelessly lost after having to bale out.

Luckily some natives found him, and led him to a beach where there was an abandoned plane. The only thing wrong with it was that it had no seat, making it impossible for him to fly it. But a native boy saved

the day. He climbed into the cockpit, and the airman sat in his lap and was thus able to see.

It was a difficult take-off, but he made it. When he arrived back at his base, after being reported missing for some weeks, he got a great reception. As for the native boy, he was given a bright red belt, and is today the happiest boy in New Guinea.

The Children's Newspaper, December 12, 1942

DESERTED COUNTRYSIDE

Ten Square Miles Cleared of People

THE war has brought about many queer happenings, but few so queer as that which ten square miles of our country has experienced.

The order went out that a great area was to be cleared of its people so that soldiers who are practising for the Great Offensives might have room to practise without bringing danger to human life. Night and day in this area the Army is preparing itself, and is doing it free from the handicaps of civilians all round it.

It was not long ago a peaceful British countryside, with crops and small farmhouses. Now all the inhabitants have been evicted and the crops are gone. Only the houses remain standing, to be inhabited again some time.

The evacuation of the inhabitants was hard, but its importance is emphasised by the claim of military experts that new teaching methods employed here are improving fighting efficiency by 50 per cent.

In view of the urgency of interfering as little as possible with food production, great care has been taken to select for these "battle areas" zones where a minimum amount of land has to be forfeited. Here one quarter of 8000 acres was under cultivation for grain and roots. Suspension of training was arranged to permit this year's crop to be gathered, but 2000 acres are lost for agricultural purposes until the end of the war.

Elaborate schemes of compensation have been worked out for

civilians, but how sad a break sentimentally it has been for many was indicated clearly during a visit to two villages from which inhabitants have been removed.

There is not even a stray cat to be seen stropping its backbone against a gatepost. The Army has strict instructions not to use any of the buildings as a target or to enter any houses. It would be a military crime of high order to drop shells within 500 yards of an old grey church. We are told that the parson preaches there to a congregation consisting of an old retainer and his wife, who live with him on a river barge, where he has made his home.

Roses still grow round cottage doors, but no longer do children romp in the school playgrounds. The little village shops are empty and forlorn, and no conversation takes place in the evenings across garden gates as workers return from the fields.

The people were moved free of all charge by the Army, compensation being given for loss of crops. The preparations for the desertion were all over in a month, and the area cleared of civilian life. Over that area now the Army prepares for the great day when its "thunderbolt charge" will smash Nazism off the earth and bring life back to this deserted countryside.

Breakfast From Moscow and Tea From Montreal

SOMEWHERE at a Ferry Command Airport the girl MT drivers refer laughingly to their International Tummies!

One of the girls tells us that these lucky young ladies do not feel the rationing pinch severely, for their diet is supplemented by the contents of the tuck boxes provided for the crews by the catering departments "on the other side."

The men who ferry the bombers across the Atlantic and on many other routes seldom show evidence of great hunger on these voyages, and in the scramble at unloading time "Transport" can generally be relied upon to make a good haul.

Coffee, sweet and incredibly hot despite the altitude and the passage of time; white bread sandwiches of cheese, egg, or ham; biscuits, apples, and even an occasional banana, are consumed at a welcome break for refreshment after a strenuous spell of driving, loading, and unloading when a plane arrives.

The nature of the food is always characteristic of the country it comes from, and a driver coming on duty is able to tell from the contents of the cupboard just what service the latest arrival is on. Great slabs of fruit cake and thick slices of greyish-white bread with generous coatings of creamy-white cheese spell Russia, and that aromatic coffee and undrinkable tea could only come from America or Canada! Doubtless all good things must come to an end, but meanwhile the teatime break in at least one transport section has become an institution, and visitors from all parts of the aerodrome drop in to claim their share, and while the supplies last are made very welcome.

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts from Wednesday, December 9, to Tuesday, December 15.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20. Books For Christmas: some well-known critics discussing new publications. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Spanish Galileo: fifth episode of the serial play by Tudur Watkins.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Concert for Children by the BBC Scottish Orchestra; followed by news of Scottish Scouts.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Second episode of The Adventures of Deerfoot, by Edward G. Ellis, adapted for broadcasting by Bertha Lonsdale.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Company of Singers, a history of eight centuries of boys' choirs.

MONDAY, 5.20 Stanedykes Farm, a story for the youngest listener by Muriel Fyfe; followed by Marches and Medleys, by the BBC Military Band and the Male Voice Chorus.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Cornish Tin, the romantic story of the oldest Cornish industry.

Vistas or No Vistas?

THE BOY TALKS WITH THE MAN

Boy. I see that the City of London dislikes the Royal Academy Plan for transforming London and "destroying its usefulness as a hive of industry." I confess I was puzzled when I compared this attack on the Academy designs with the description the CN gave us on October 31. Do you think there is real danger of our noble cathedral being again hidden by ugly warehouses?

Man. Undoubtedly that danger confronts us. Bear in mind that when Christopher Wren built St Paul's at the end of the 17th century the citizens of those days would not allow him space to display his great work in a fine square as he wished to do. They walled in the new building with business premises. Since then there has been opportunity to open up St Paul's as leases fell in, but always new buildings arose. Now the greatest opportunity of all has occurred, and again the voice of the City bids us attend to business.

Boy. But is it true that business is best done amid ugly surroundings? Are business and beauty necessarily opposed?

Man. No. In my opinion it is because this great truth is not recognised in the City that it is in danger of losing its wealth and influence. If it brings itself to believe that a St Paul's fully opened to view is a waste of space and a hindrance to trade, it condemns the commerce it carries on as unworthy and making for decadence and decay.

Boy. A speaker at the Court of Common Council went so far as to say it was ridiculous to move the meat and fish markets from their present positions, and asked, Why not shift the Stock Exchange? But surely the Stock Exchange does not call for the great spaces occupied so inconveniently by traffic in meat and fish. Wasn't that contention rather absurd?

Man. Indeed it was. It has long been agreed by sensible people that the City should not be congested by such misplaced activities; London is no longer the market town of Middlesex. The Corporation, indeed, in attempting to ridicule the artists, architects, and engineers, condemns itself both on business and aesthetic grounds.

Boy. Why do some of the critics sneer at "vista-mongers"?

Man. The beautiful word vista simply means a view, and custom applies it to a view accentuated by rows of trees, columns, or buildings. The Academy Report suggests that the approaches to our St Paul's should become fine avenues of well-planned buildings, so that we may see the building, however we approach it, culminating in a glorious vista.

Boy. Surely the provision of space is of the utmost importance to trade and transport?

Man. Yes, and to health, beauty, and society. The old City contained many cramped, inconvenient, and ugly quarters which were a constant misery to those condemned to live or work in them. Here is a statement by one who had to work for 23 years in Paternoster Row, which the sun never visited. He tells us he remembers that when he was a child he heard his father say that "the Row would never be rebuilt as a fit place to work in until we had another fire of London." Well, we have had the fire, and apparently there are still men in the City who wish again to surround St Paul's with precincts with no vistas.

WHO CARES FOR HITLER?

Not Quite So Many Now

THE small nations which have escaped the Nazi jackboot have taken heart from the victory in the Mediterranean and are beginning to stand up for themselves now that the wider world has begun to stand up against Hitler.

Turkey, Sweden, and Switzerland, to do them justice, have always done so; against the Swedes and the Swiss Dr Goebbels has raged and raved when some of their newspapers have spoken out against the vile thing called the New Order.

True, the Swedish Government has in the past been weaker than the other two. She has instructed her independent journalists to avoid giving offence to Germany by criticism, even when the fiercest criticism was but a mild comment on what Germany was doing. She even went so far as to suspend for a time the publication of one of her finest and bravest newspapers, the Commercial and Marine News of Gothenburg.

But the splendid editor of that paper would not be suppressed. As soon as the newspaper reappeared he wrote in it that he intended to say what he thought of the Nazis whenever it was necessary, and he has done so.

Now, with the fresh villainies perpetrated against her Norwegian neighbours and kinsfolk by the traitor Terboven, the Swedish Government has made a somewhat belated protest.

This is welcome enough, but we may well wish Sweden had followed the lead of Switzerland. That country is entirely surrounded by the Axis. It is smaller than Sweden and is more at Germany's mercy, and the greater part of its population is German.

Yet German-Swiss as well as French-Swiss newspapers have consistently criticised the savagery of the Huns, and have published the news of the war

without the slightest regard to what Hitler or Himmler or Goebbels may think or do or say. As for Turkey, our staunch and faithful friend, she has consistently refused to interfere with her newspapers.

Now there will be Free French newspapers, published not in exile but in newly-liberated French North Africa, to add their voice to the growing volume of worldwide scorn for the barbarians.

Meanwhile, here is a good story from Costa Rica, smallest in population, second smallest in size, but as big in heart as any of the Central American Republics.

With half a million population and an area about double that of Wales, Costa Rica declared war on the Axis immediately after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour, actually before the United States did so. But it was only just lately that she was able to strike her first blow in the common cause of freedom. Twice before German U-boats had tried to provision themselves on Costa Rica's shores without success. The other day the Nazis thought they would try a landing on the coast near Puerto Limon.

They covered the attempt with fire from guns, but the beach patrols were ready for them and the attack was repulsed.

That is what little Costa Rica thinks of Adolf Hitler.



Most intelligent boys choose B.S.A.'s because they are so much better, faster, stronger, and easier to ride. But in these days of wartime difficulties all bikes are scarce—even B.S.A.'s—so get your parents to put yours on order and be patient, for it will be some time before you get it.

BSA THE BICYCLE YOU CAN'T BEAT

You will receive a Catalogue if you send a 1d. stamp to:—B.S.A. CYCLES LTD. (DEPT. N2/12), BIRMINGHAM, 11

THE BRAN TUB

SPORTSMAN

SAID the teacher: "Now, Tommy, tell me what you know about the Slavonic race."
"Please, teacher, I wasn't there," replied Tommy. "I went to the football match."

Proof

BIRDS in their little nests agree—
Of this there cannot be a doubt;
If they did not, as all may see,
They very surely would fall out.

Proverbs About Silence

SILENCE is golden.
Silence gives consent.
No wisdom like silence.
Silence seldom doth harm.
Unreasonable silence is folly.
Silence is wisdom and gets friends.
If a word be worth a shekel
silence is worth two.

Give
us
this
day..

The National Children's Home provides over 5,000,000 meals a year and needs your help to pay for them.

Ask your friends for a gift and enter the amount on one of the 'loaves.' Send the total you collect, with this advertisement, to the address below.

The usual collecting leaflet cannot be inserted this year, but a copy will be sent on receipt of a postcard.

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME
CHIEF OFFICES: Highbury Park, London, N5.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). Including Purchase Tax. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/11, 2/3 and 3/11. (Including Purchase Tax.) Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Objection

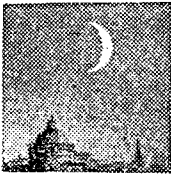
THERE was an unruly old Yak
Who objected to loads on his back.
When his driver called "Gee!"
He replied "Not for me!
I shall Wo till you take off my pack!"

Do You Live in Pembroke?

PEMBROKE is from the Old Welsh Pen broc, meaning head of the sealand. This is, of course, a description of the part of the country embraced within the county. The spelling changed gradually from Penbroc to Penbroke, and then to Pembroke.

Other Worlds

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-west. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at half-past 5 on Saturday evening, December 12.



EXIT

A PIANO had been bought for twelve-year-old Joan, who was eager to become a good player.

"I think Dad might buy me a bicycle now," complained her younger brother.

"Why, dear?" asked his mother.

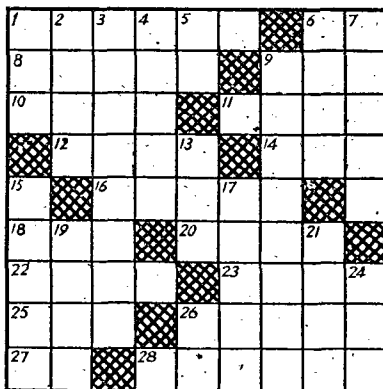
"So that I can go for rides while Joan practises."

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 This stops the sea's encroachment. 6 Perform. 8 Beverage made from a bean. 9 A favourite animal. 10 To the rear. 11 To chafe. 12 Contest between two persons. 14 Anger. 16 Clear. 18 Expanse of salt water. 20 One of an early German tribe. 22 Coil of wool. 23 Fir or pine wood. 25 East in French. 26 Private or civil wrongs. 27 Royal Engineers. 28 Throbbled.

Reading Down. 1 Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. 2 Highway. 3 One who resides in a house. 4 A country bumpkin. 5 Chemical symbol for sodium. 6 Antlered quadruped. 7 Furred water animal. 9 Pressmen. 13 To fall behind. 15 Doorkeeper of a court. 17 Antiseptic dressing. 19 Comfort. 21 Bear malice to. 24 Money. 26 Trade Union.

Asterisks indicate abbreviations.
Answer next week



The Deaf and Dumb

cannot enjoy music nor even hear the wireless.

STRANGERS IN THEIR OWN LAND—often misunderstood or forgotten—their LONELINESS is seldom realised. The Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb ministers to their spiritual, social and material needs. There are over 6,000 in the area in which it operates, as well as 200 who are also blind.

★ Kindness is a language the Deaf and Dumb can understand.

Please help by a Christmas gift to the Secretary, Graham W. Simes, ROYAL ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE DEAF AND DUMB, 413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Jacko Sees a Ghost



JACKO and Chimp were exploring an empty house one evening when Jacko, who was ahead, gave a yell. Chimp looked up and saw a huge figure outlined on the wall in front of them. Then he yelled too, and off they ran for their lives. But it was only Jacko's own shadow which the light of the lantern had thrown on the bare wall.

Twenty-One Cases

SAID the employer: "I want this place cleared. These cases of sugar are taking up more space than can be spared."

The managers of three of his shops were with him, and one of them proceeded to count the cases.

"There are twenty-one, sir," said the manager; "seven of them are full, seven only half full, and seven are empty."

"Well, divide them equally among you and send them out to your shops," said the employer.

They did so, and each shop received an equal number of cases and an equal quantity of sugar. What is more, they were able to apportion them thus without transferring any of the sugar from one case to another. How was this done?

Answer next week

FULL-STOP

JIM: Did your watch stop when you dropped it?

Tim: Of course it did! You did not think it went through the floor?

BLACKOUT

THE Special Constable rapped noisily on the door. "This blackout of yours won't do, madam," he declared.

"Won't it?" asked the lady of the house. "I thought it was all right."

"It isn't; come and look."

So the householder went out to look.

"Yes," she admitted, "the light does come through a bit, doesn't it? Just faintly." She paused, peered at the Special Constable, and then said: "Well, isn't that funny? You are Mr Blank, aren't you? I bought this blackout material in your shop yesterday, and you guaranteed it was light-proof!"

Bulrushes

I LOVE the long bulrushes;
They make the stream so fair
I go to watch them every day;
They are my constant care.
For I am, oh! so anxious
To see what they will be;
I long to see the bull-calf grow
Upon the bulrush tree.

Important Advantages of Ovaltine



TO any "little mother" it is just child's play to make a cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' . . . it is so easily and quickly prepared. If liquid milk is not available 'Ovaltine' can be made with water only, or with dried or condensed milk.

Remember that milk—of the highest quality—is an important constituent of 'Ovaltine.' In addition to the nutritive properties of milk, 'Ovaltine' provides other valuable nutritive elements, including lecithin to build up the nerves, carbohydrates for energy, mineral salts and vitamins.

Note that 'Ovaltine' is naturally sweet, so there is no need to add sugar. 'Ovaltine' can also be eaten dry if desired, or sprinkled on porridge or used in a sandwich.

Delicious

OVALTINE

Builds up Health, Strength and Vitality.

P.593A

PLEASE DON'T
'HALF-TREAT'
MY COLD!



My nose, throat, and chest all need help. So please rub me with 'Vick'. Its vapours clear my nose, soothe my throat, ease my cough. Its poultice action on my chest warms away tightness and pain.

